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## THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST

A Picture by Ary Scheffer.

MESSIAH and the Tempter face to face—  
 The Son of God and the Incarnate Fiend!  
 High on a cliff that cleaves the cold, thin air,  
 A bare, bleak, granite pinnacle that holds  
 Eternal friendship with the silent sky,  
 Above the mighty kingdom, stand the twain.  
 Oh! how unlike their office and estate,  
 Their aspects, aims, ambitions, essences.  
 Celestial and infernal attributes confront,  
 Upon whose awful issues now depend  
 Extreme of good or evil unto man.  
 August, serene, like the repose of God,  
 Save in the mortal sorrows of his face,  
 Which the immortal sweetens and subdues,  
 Stands the Redeemer. His benignant brow,  
 Though pallid with austerities and pain,  
 Wears sweet compassion, and his lifted arm  
 Points, with unconscious grandeur, to his throne  
 Beyond the azure. In his patient eyes,  
 Deep, dark, divine, unutterably calm,  
 Swim solemn visions of old prophecies—  
 His trials, toils, and triumphs yet to come:  
*These* shade their tender depths, where love and truth  
 Keep gen'rous audience; turning not in scorn  
 E'en from this subtle embassy of sin.  
 Poised but a step below, Hell's winged King,  
 Half suppliant, half in arrogant suspense,  
 Looks upward in this climax of affront.  
 There is no human malice on his face,  
 No maniac frenzy throttling its result;  
 But doubt, fear, hope, and hate, sublimed and fused  
 'nto the deepest instincts of revenge;  
 And the mature conclusions of a soul  
 Surred by the bitter shame of old defeat,  
 Ad wrathful resolution wrung from woe,  
 Ken-edged and tempered by relentless will.  
 Oh in the steadfast fervor of his glare,  
 His reacherous game half seems divine intent,  
 And his proud head and self-reliant front  
 Suggest the sphery splendor of his prime.  
 With downward pointing gesture hear him speak,  
 (Audacious venture of a desperate hope),  
*"All the great kingdoms and their royalties,  
 If thou wilt kneel and worship me, are thine."*

H. N. POWERS.

## BEAUTY.

WHEN first to Good dawned awful on my vision,  
 So greatly ken was my heart thereby,  
 To Beauty's I answered in derision,  
 From Heav'n's Queen wouldst thou degrade mine eye,  
 Under her feetine easy levels lie,  
 Thy sphere t'ers is Earth beneath a sky.

Still heard I Beay's earnest voice appealing  
 Too brotherlik and close to be withstood;  
 Doubtful I turned then grade on grade revealing,  
 How still our bea better is concealing;  
 Following her moun'g footsteps as I could,  
 Dear Beauty led up the scale of Good.

B.

## THE ORISON OF NIGHT.

In the west the Day is lying,  
 Like the dead Christ still it bleeds;  
 Night, with dewy tears, and sighing,  
 Cometh clad in sable weeds!

In the sepulchre she kneeleth,  
 Saying masses for the dead,  
 While its dusky vault revealeth  
 Starry tapers overhead.

And her breast is gently heaving  
 With the distant thunder's roll,  
 As her burning thoughts in cleaving,  
 Light the world from pole to pole.

Now in scattered, now in denser  
 Flashes, plays the northern light,  
 Waving like a flaming censer  
 In this tomb, where prays the night.

Jesus came to Mary meekly,  
 When within she thought he lay;  
 Like that Christ, and wan and weakly,  
 Lo! the moon, the risen Day!

Haloed now with ring of glory,  
 And in whitest robes attired,  
 For those bloody thorns and gory  
 Garb, in which the Day expired.

Listed Night, the trembling-hearted,  
 Looking upward as she said,  
 "I have mourned the Day departed,  
 Art thou risen from the Dead?"

"I am risen, brief abiding,  
 Though I go, my light shall stay  
 Till the morrow's, and confiding  
 Wait me in a newer day."

Thus ere long it sank and vanished  
 'Neath the far horizon's girth,  
 While its light remaining, banished  
 Still the darkness from the earth.

Night still kneeleth, while the tapers  
 Slowly wane with fainter ray,  
 Till the morning's early vapors  
 Mark the advent of the Day!

Then she raised her vision drooping,  
 Gathered up her flowing robe,  
 When the God of Light in stooping,  
 Bore her heavenward from the globe!

HEIDELBERG.